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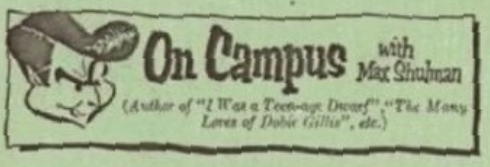

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GOLDER

The academic world, as we all know, is loaded with dignity and ethics, with lofty means and exalted ends, with truth and beauty. In such a world a heinous thing like faculty raiding—colleges enticing teachers away from other colleges—is not even thinkable.

However, if the dean of one college happens—purely by chance, mind you—to run into a professor from another college, and the professor happens to remark—just in passing, mind you—that he is discontented with his present position, why, what's wrong with the dean making the professor an offer? Like the other afternoon, for instance, Dean Sigafoos of Gruesome Polytech, finding himself in need of a refreshing cup of cocoa, dropped in quite by chance at the Discontented Professors Exchange where he discovered Professor Stuneros from the English Department of Krovvny A and M sitting over a pot of lapsang souchong and shrieking "I Hate Krovvny A and M!" Surely there was nothing improper in the dean saying to the professor, "Leander, perhaps you'd like to come over to us. I think you'll find our shop A-OK."

(It should be noted here that all English professors are named Leander, just as all psychics professors are named Fred. All sociology professors are, of course, named Myron, all veterinary medicine professors are named Rover, and all German professors are named Hansel and Gretel. All deans, are, of course, named Attila.)

But I digress. Leander, the professor, has just been offered a job by Attila, the dean, and he replies, "Thank you, but I don't think so."

"And I don't blame you," says Attila, stoutly. "I understand Krovvny has a fine little library."

"Well, it's not too bad," says Leander. "We have 28 volumes in all, including a mint copy of *Nancy Drew, Girl Detective*."

"Very impressive," says Attila. "Up now, we have 36 million volumes, including all of Shakespeare's first folios and the Dead Sea Scrolls."

"Golly whikers," says Leander.

"But of course," says Attila, "you don't want to leave Krovvny where, I am told, working conditions are tickety-boo."

"Oh, they're not too bad," says Leander. "I teach 18 hours of English, 11 hours of optometry, 6 hours of forestry, coach the fencing team, and walk Prexy's cat twice a day."

"A full, rich life," says Attila. "At our school you'd be somewhat less active. You'd teach one class a week, limited to four A students. As to salary, you'd start at $50,000 a year, with retirement at full pay upon reaching age 29."

"Sir," says Leander, "your offer is most fair but you must understand that I owe a certain loyalty to Krovvny."

"I not only understand, I applaud," says Attila. "But before you make a final decision, let me tell you one thing more. We supply Marlboro cigarettes to our faculty—all you want at all times."

"Gloryosky!" cries Leander, bounding to his feet. "You mean Marlboro, the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste—Marlboro, the cigarette with better makin's—Marlboro that comes to you in pack or box—Marlboro that gives you such a lot to like?"

"Yep," says Attila, "that's the Marlboro I mean."

"I am yours," cries Leander, wringing the Dean's hand. "Where do I sign?"

"At the quarry," replies Attila. "Frankly, we don't trust paper contracts any more. We chisel them in marble."

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Stonecutters cut it in stone, woodcutters cut it in wood, seamstresses embroider it in doilies: you get a lot to like in a Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box.

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